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LIFE



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

The Cold Bath.

IT is stated upon reliable authority that the cold bath is good for man ; that it tones up the system, invigorates the skin, and imparts a healthy action to the circulation.

We are not sure but what it does other things than this. At any rate, it would seem as if the cold bath *ought* to do more for its victims. If there be a law of compensation concealed somewhere about Providence, the man who can fearlessly plunge into cold water all winter, attired only in an atmosphere of sublime courage and a cringing smile, ought at least to be otherwise free from

care. He ought to have a happy home, a large retinue of servants to keep him good-natured and about a million a year.

We ourselves have hitherto indulged in the habit of cold baths to an extent. We have awakened in the morning with a dull and growing sense of impending doom, and before we have had time to become fully conscious of our bodies, prospective chills have crept up and down our mind.

Finally, with a supreme effort, we have risen from our warm bed, and in the frapped gloom of early morning have slipped noiselessly to the scene of suffering.

This winter, however, we have determined to be martyrs to the cause no longer. Henceforth we shall lie in our comfortable bed, indolently scornful of that ruggedness that we willingly relinquish.

We do not know what is going to happen to our circulation. If we grow more nervous, then so be it. If our appetites fail us, we will bear up.

But give us for once a shudderless winter. Let us, if need be, stand upon the brink of the grave, and not any more with our spines quivering in agony upon the brink of a deadly porcelain bath tub.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

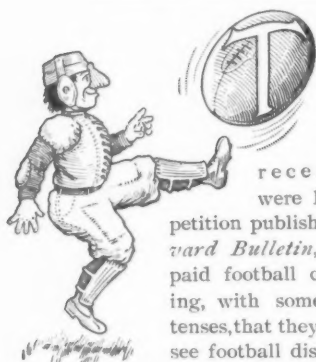
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HE names of fifty-four Harvard graduates (nearly all of them recent graduates) were lately put to a petition published in the *Harvard Bulletin*, asking for a paid football coach. Observing, with some confusion of tenses, that they "would rather see Harvard discontinued than see Harvard continuously represented by teams that might have won, but do not win," they say: "The conditions of modern football are such as to demand the entire time and thoughts of a coach for three months of the year, and we believe that Harvard should employ a professional." The *Bulletin's* comment is: "If it is necessary to make athletics a business, there is no reason why a professional coach should not be secured for the football eleven as well as for the crew." No doubt the professional football coach will be engaged. The rowing coach has already been procured, Harvard sentiment finally crystallizing in the conviction that if the annual rowing competitions with Yale are to be maintained on a basis approaching equality, there must be a Harvard professional coach to offset Yale's.

So it seems to be necessary nowadays in the great colleges to make athletics a business. What has made it necessary? Probably gate money more

than any other single thing. The football games from becoming hugely profitable have become hugely important. Take the case at Harvard. We have not the figures at hand, but the annual expenditure for athletics at Harvard must be somewhere near \$100,000 a year, besides the personal expenditure of the athletes, and these expenses are increasing.



WHERE does this money come from? The chairman of the Harvard athletic committee says that last year \$5,013 of it was from voluntary subscriptions. The rest was gate money, chiefly from the football games. The chairman talks poverty like any college president. All our savings (\$75,000) were used up, he says, in building the stadium, which is still unfinished, and will cost a lot more. We must complete the iron fence around the Soldiers' Field, and fill in more land. Coaching changes have been costly, and changes to come will cost still more. Besides our unavoidable expenses we have many urgent special demands, and the larger our plant becomes the greater is the cost of keeping it up. While our expenses tend to grow in a manner that is almost alarming, the amount received from voluntary subscriptions was only \$5,013 last year as against \$8,990 in 1889.

It is evident from these disclosures how much of a business college athletics have become. Give the Harvard football men a professional coach? Yes, by all means! If they have got to earn \$100,000 a year, they certainly ought to have competent assistance.

What is true of Harvard is true proportionately of the other colleges. Does it not seem as if college athletics had prospered inordinately on their business side? We hear a great deal of current dissatisfaction with college football, and much of the grumbling comes from athletes who don't like the moral and sporting quality of the game as it has come to be played. But is it not something of a mistake to think of college football as primarily a game? Has it not come to be primarily a business proposition? And is there much

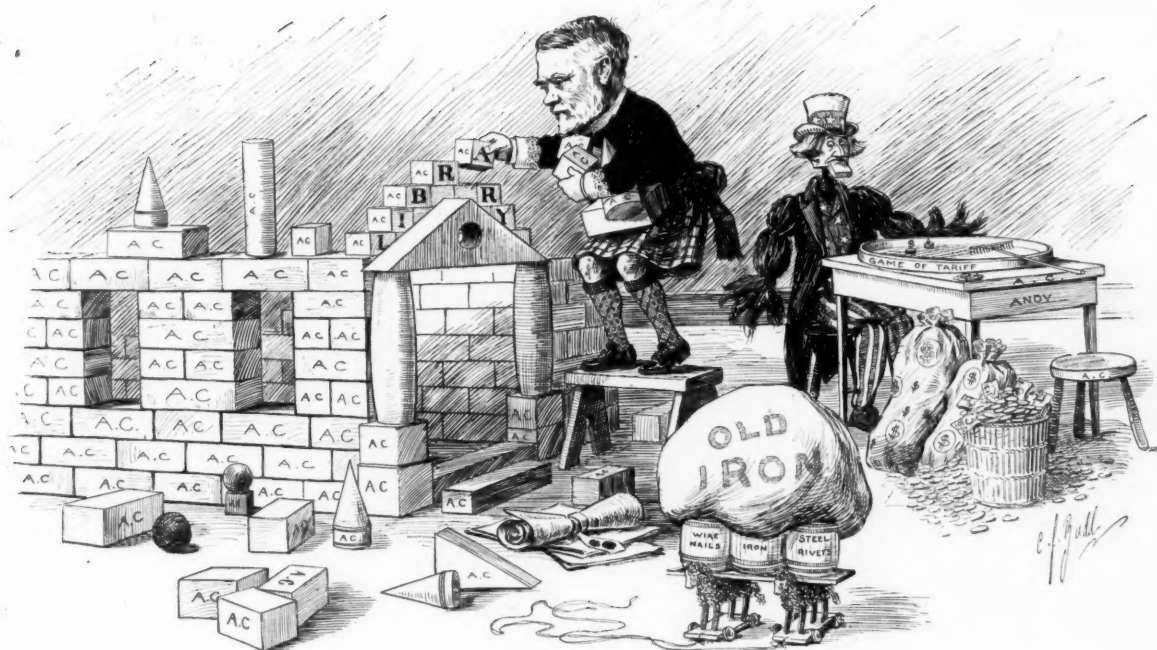
prospect that it will regain the light-heartedness and urbanity which befit a sport, while it is loaded down with such very grave financial responsibilities?



THE other day, in discussing Senator Stewart's bill to raise the salaries of the President, the members of Congress and others, LIFE endorsed the proposal to raise the pay of the President and others, but not of the members of Congress. We have since suffered somewhat from compunctions about withholding the increase from the Congressmen and Senators, and have about resolved to consent to an annual expenditure of a million and a quarter of the people's money in increasing their pay one-half. Their present pay is \$5,000. That was probably enough when the rate was fixed, but living expenses have so much increased that \$7,500 will buy no more of the necessities and conveniences of life than \$5,000 bought even ten years ago, so that the raise suggested will do no more than bring the Congressional salary up to the times. We shall be glad if this humane concession to Congressional needs operates as an incentive to Congress to make much better provision for the temporal needs of the President, and others named by Senator Stewart, and also of the Ambassadors, Cabinet officers and Judges. Our Government should also buy suitable houses for its embassies and legations abroad. It is a shame that none but rich men should be eligible for our chief diplomatic appointments.



SO far as LIFE can judge, the charges against Bishop Talbot, of Pennsylvania, hardly contain the necessary material for a first-class ecclesiastical scandal. They have afforded at this writing a very large amount of more or less useful newspaper copy, but we doubt if they do much more than that. There may be a row—indeed, there has already been an excellent row—but a row is not a scandal. Indiscretions may easily breed a row, whereas the construction of a scandal requires a serious degree of culpability. In this case the culpability must be brought home to the Bishop, for his accuser, Mr. Irvine, is already too much impaired in ecclesiastical repute for further disfigurement to make a sensation.



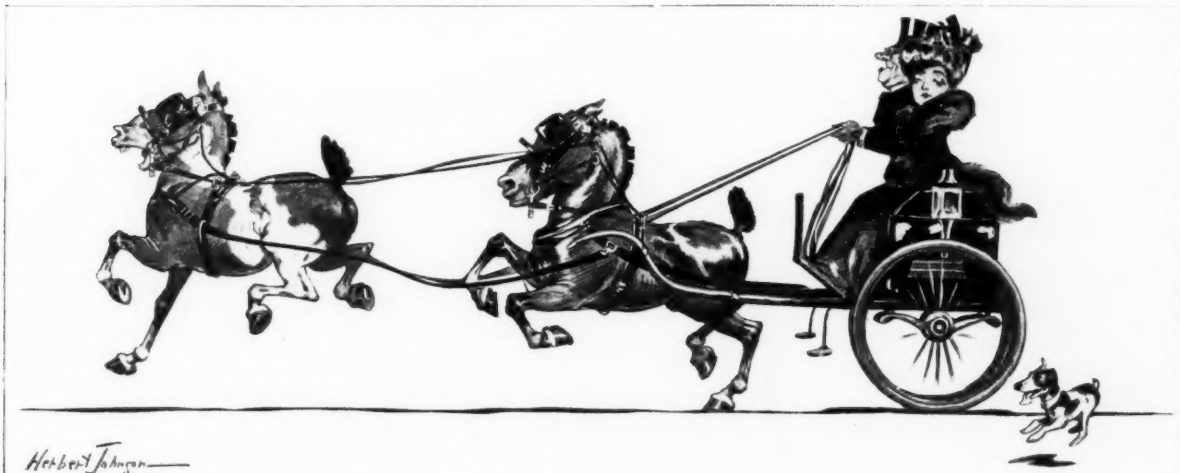
OUR BOYS.

ANDY.

THIS is Andy playing with his gilt blocks. He loves to make libraries out of them, though Uncle Sam says sometimes when he comes in and watches Andy playing with them, that Andy is a perfect nuisance. Andy always has his name printed on every block so they will not be lost in the shuffle, and Uncle Sam is afraid that this is because Andy is too forward, but then Uncle Sam doesn't know everything.

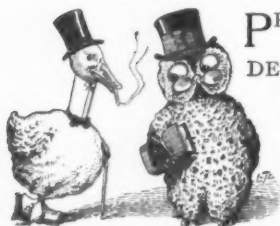
Andy loves to play all kinds of games, and when all the

other little boys are around he loves to play horse with them. Andy is also very skillful at the game of Tariff and he has beaten his Uncle Sam at it several times. Some Uncles would have gotten mad at this, but Andy's Uncle Sam didn't mind a bit, and only patted Andy on the back. Some of the poor little boys and girls who live near Andy have thought he was a little snob, but that is only because they were jealous. If they would only read some of Andy's compositions, they would know that he is all right.



"THERE IS SOMETHING IN THIS MORE THAN NATURAL."—Hamlet.

Going for Professor Wendell.



PROFESSOR BARRETT WENDELL, lecturing on American literature at the Sorbonne in Paris, is doing well except in one particular. He does not suit

the *Springfield Republican*. The *Republican* says he is not large enough to occupy so representative a place; that he does not understand his own country, and that his literary judgments have no weight here. It would prefer to have the late Mr. Lowell lecture in Paris, or, he being unavailable, Professor Lounsbury of Yale, or Mr. E. C. Stedman. The *Republican's* Boston correspondent has half a column of fun with Professor Wendell every week, and has been going through his published books and expatiating on their defects of fact and discernment. He does it pretty well, being himself a writer of much caustic humor, and some erudition.

We think this is a comparatively useful field for the *Republican*. The paper is not much read just now in Paris, but if its views penetrate to Professor Wendell's auditors, they may be persuaded that we have lots of better lecturers than Mr. Wendell left at home. To have them think that is for the glory of our ambitious country. It also makes for the continuance of interest in the future discourses provided for by Mr. Hyde's foundation, since it encourages the expectation that the next Hyde lecturer will be a much more competent hand than the present one.

For our part, we doubt if that expectation will be realized. It may be true that Mr. Wendell's literary judgments are not as yet generally accepted as final in this country, but they are good, lively judgments, based on a pretty wide scholarship, and adapted to induce either acceptance or dissent. Mr. Wendell is stimulating. There is life in him. Better books than his may doubtless be written on American literature, but that a better lecturer could be obtained to talk in the Sorbonne, we very much doubt.

That the *Springfield Republican*

should declare him unfit does not establish his fitness, but it tends in that direction. Our Massachusetts neighbor might profit by the cultivation of a faculty which President Eliot has repeatedly commended of late as one of the most useful that can be developed by education. It should learn to see the merits and superiorities in men and objects, rather than their defects. Its eminence as the possessor of the keenest vision for defects in the United States has not been won without considerable sacrifice of the ability to discern what is good, and even to see things as they are.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT has been putting into words the result of his experienced reflections upon the nature and attributes of the Almighty. He did so with misgivings as to the reception that his sentiments would receive, but though they have interested many observers, they have disturbed comparatively few. To our thinking they

are good ideas, though not novel. Dr. Abbott's effort emphasizes one of the great blessings of our time and country that we are free to think the biggest thoughts of which we are capable on the biggest subjects, and to express our thoughts, without fear of punishment or persecution.

Love.

IN the third act of the problem play, the wife and mistress confronted each other, at last.

"He loves me best!" panted the wife.

"No, me!" hissed the mistress.

"Faugh!"

"Look! He spends all his money on me."

"Pooh! He goes to five o'clock teas with me. Greater love hath not a man for a woman than that he go to five o'clock teas with her!"

The mistress staggered as under a blow. In the wife's eyes there was no pity; only triumph, and bitter hate.



LAWSON made Wall Street ridiculous. It was a remarkable feat, and by no means without value as a public service. With nothing to work with except purchased publicity, he made the whole cohort of speculators look foolish and behave as foolishly as they looked. That is exactly how we ought to be made to look when we gamble in stocks. We are trying to get something for nothing; trying to beat out of somebody money that we have not earned. It is a most inglorious effort, and when, for a humiliating reason, it is attended by inglorious results, the penalty exactly fits the crime.

Whatever diminishes the intrinsic value of securities is a public misfor-

tune. A corner that crowds the price of a particular stock up to a preposterous figure almost approaches the dignity of highway robbery. But these monkey-shine proceedings of the noisy and obstreperous Boston fakir appeal to the public sense of humor. Only a lot of sheep, or men who have put themselves in a sheepish situation, could have been scared by them.

They won't hamstring prosperity or do any lasting harm. They will merely scare the lambs away from the tickers. In doing that, they will do good. The lambs had been there too long already. When they saw their hireling shepherds all run at the Bean-eater's cry of "Wolf!" they began to realize that it was time to go home.

SOCIETY.

HANDSOME COSTUMES AT THE AUTO SHOW.



MRS. HARDY SNUBBER was in cloth of gold and velvet, the sleeves and corsage trimmed with paying-stone diamonds; small round hat of black maline and velvet, with black and white slippers and a red nose.

Mrs. O. Helwyth Manners—Violet chiffon cloth, appliquéd with white suspenders set with diamonds; large picture hat of violet felt.

Mrs. Hookairs Enniweigh—Reseda green eyes and chin piece of pearls, embroidered and trimmed with Irish lace; large flat crowned hat of green gingham, with wreath of pink roses and autumn beets and cauliflowers.

Mrs. General Electric was more than stunning in a delicate shade of fawn-colored crêpe de Chine, combined with lace; picture hat of black velvet, with U. S. thousand dollar bank notes sprinkled up and down her front.

Mrs. Kostleigh Shimmer, who seemed quite sober the latter part of the evening, was charming in a pale shade of gray chiffon cloth, embroidered and trimmed with purple googoes *en Pompadour*.

Mrs. Epiderm Hyde, who, in spite of her grotesque wealth and lavish entertainments, was constantly surrounded by young men, was just too lovely in a cream-colored mantle of solid gold and a large eight-hundred-dollar hat that weighed about ninety pounds.

The universal opinion, among people interested in autos, was that the Society Reporters were all there, and that they had a good time.

Near Enough.

CUSTOMER: I want to get a book by some chorus girl.

SALESMAN: What's the title?

"Can't quite remember, but think it is 'How the Lower Half Lives.'"

"WHAT did Mrs. Starlight have on at the opera?"
"I don't know. I didn't look up at her box until after she had sat down."

A Bargain in Wives.

"I WANT a wife!"

The beneficent time had at last arrived, when, owing to the fatherly foresight of the Government, wives and husbands were brought together on strictly business principles.

"Short or long term?" asked the clerk in response to the inquiry. "We have a splendid stock of five-year wives, and a good assortment of ten-year. If you want a better article, I have one twenty-year bargain. It's a rainy day, and she has only just come in, so it's an exceptional opportunity."

The man in front hesitated.

"I guess ten years is about all I can stand," he said at last. "You might show me what you have."

The clerk led him to a door which he opened, and motioned to his guest to look within.

That gentleman came back in a moment, his face betraying disappointment.

"There isn't one of 'em," he said, "that I would live with for ten years. If you'll excuse me for saying so, it's a pretty bum lot. Heavens! What'll they be in ten years from now?"

"You must remember, sir, that in ten years you yourself will have changed. Perhaps you would like to take a look at that twenty-year bargain."

The other man hesitated.

"Twenty years," he remarked, "is a long time to live with any woman. I suppose she must be something exceptional."

"She's a dream."

"Well, I'll interview her."

The clerk made out a card of introduction, led the way to a private reception-room, and left the customer to his own devices.

He was gone for some time.

At last he came back.

"Well, sir. What do you say?"

"I'll take her on one condition."

"And that is?"

The customer, in his eyes the fire of a great love that had just been aroused, replied:

"On condition, sir, that I can have the privilege of renewal."

Addison Fox, Jr.



MRS. GENERAL ELECTRIC.

The Frenzied Outcast.

WE'RE giunt trust promoters, an' we've come here to stay,
To pick your gold an' silver up, an' brush your cash away,
An' shoo small holders from the deal, so's we can have the sweep,
Put out your fire an' fake your bread an' steal your board-an'-keep;
An' in the cheery evening when the public has been done,
We set around the big bond-fire an' has the mostest fun,
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at the magnates tells about :—
An' Lawson sure 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out !

Onct they was a good magnate who allus said his prayers,
But when it come to cuttin' swag, he took the biggest shares :
He heerd his partner holler an' he heerd his partner bawl,
An' in the nextest magazine his partner told it all !
An' squealed on him in great big ads, an' in the daily press,
An' seeked the good man ever'wheres, but all he found, I guess,
Was thist a lot o' gospel tracts all scattered roundabout :—
An' Lawson sure 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out !

One time they was a colonel who had ist a great big gun,
He said if folks 'ud watch him they 'ud surely see some fun :
An' onct he talked of frenzied men, with bright reporters there,
An' mocked 'em, and shocked 'em, an' said he didn't care !
An' onct he went to Boston, got scared an' tried to hide,
An' saw a great big Brass Thing a-standin' by his side,
It sent him back to Wall Street 'fore he knowed what he's about !—
An' Lawson sure 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out !

An' the oldest magnate tells us that when the outlook's blue,
An' all the papers sputter an' the S'preme Court goes Boo-oo !
An' you hear the people roaring a-louder ev'ry day,
An' all the little companies is squenched an' squenched away—
You better mind the laws an' things, an' heed the public dear,
An' churish them 'at's in with you, an' dry your partner's tear,
An' give him all the swag he wants an' never throw him out :—
Er Lawson sure 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out !

E. D. Biggers.



L. M. Lipp

OUR CLIMATE IS BAD FOR YOU.

IF YOU'VE GONE AND BEEN A HERO, AND YOU'RE LAUDED TO THE SKIES,
AND YOU COME BACK TO YOUR HOME WHEN WAR IS DONE,
SEEK THE TALL AND UNCUT TIMBER WHEN YOU'VE GOT A GOOD DISGUISE,
FOR A HERO SORTER MELTS OUT IN THE SUN !



L. M. Lipp

IF YOU GET GAY.

IF YOU TELL THE TICKET AGENT THAT YOU TRAVEL ON YOUR FACE,
DON'T BE INSULTED IF THAT GENTLEMAN OPINES,
AFTER SCANNING ALL THE CREVICES AND CAÑONS OF YOUR PHIZ,
THAT YOU MUST HAVE TRAVELED ON A LOT OF LINES.

A Letter.

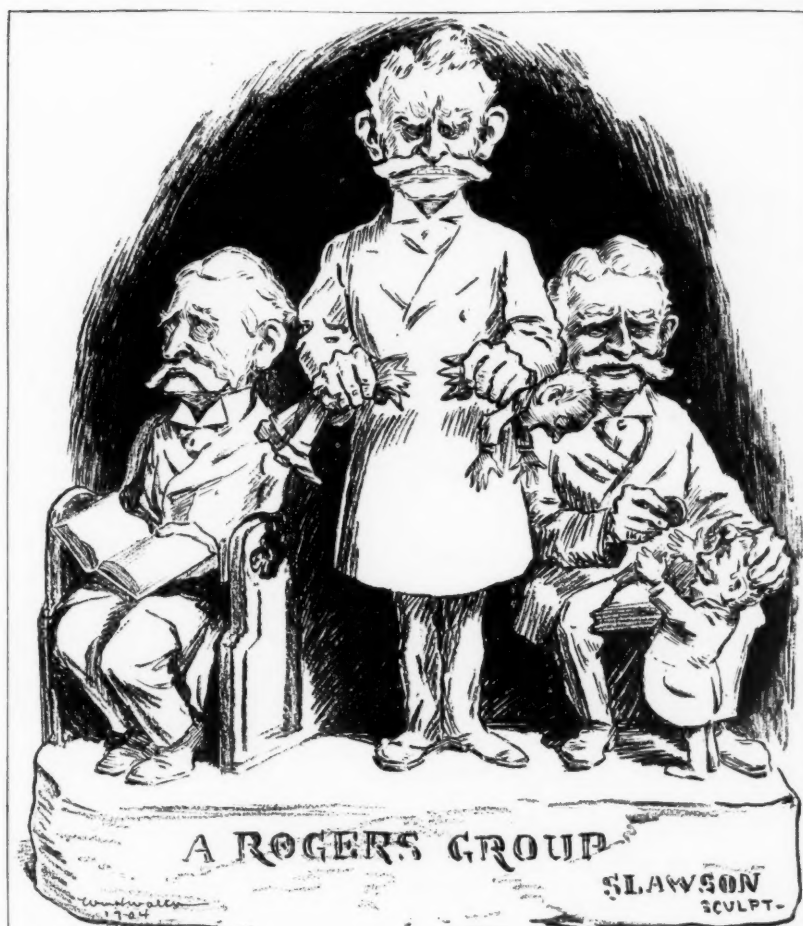
TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,

New York City.

Dear Sir: I have been a subscriber to LIFE for many years, and always admired its fearlessness in attacking evil, but my attention has just been called to the vulgar cartoon on page 641, which I enclose. Had this been seen earlier you would not have had a renewal of my subscription, and would have lost that of several of my friends, and doubtless very many others. Wit can safely employ ridicule and descend to the vulgar only when in condemnation of vice or weakness, but the whole spirit of this cartoon is a disgraceful lie. Mr. Roosevelt, our President, whom it attempts to ridicule, is known of all intelligent men to be a refined and scholarly gentleman. His chivalric courtesy to a distinguished citizen, representing some seven million Americans, a man who has been honored by eminent scholars abroad, even supping with royalty, is travestied as a move towards social equality—since Mr. Roosevelt has appointed fewer colored men to office than his predecessor, you must only refer to that incident. I am not of the President's party, but I know him personally, and honor him, as all do who know him. I was born and educated in the South, surrounded by negroes. The worst feature of such cartoons is that they tend to keep alive the race question, which, by the way, proved my friend Judge Parker's Burchard in many localities. You insult a naturally docile, loyal race, with many estimable qualities. None of us in the South forget the care they took of the wives and children left at home during the Civil War. Not a single case of outrage reported of any kind, although in many localities the able-bodied whites were practically all in the army. It is not chivalric to ridicule them. The publication of such cartoons "is worse than a crime; it is a blunder." The President was elected by more



Dr. Monk: GO AND SEE A PLUMBER AT ONCE! YOU DON'T WANT A DOCTOR.



than two and a half millions majority of the American people, who will naturally resent such wanton disrespect

In conclusion, I will add that you will find what I have said will be endorsed by the best men of all parties. My friends, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Carlisle, Judge Parker or Judge O'Brien, for instance, will all endorse me, and approve what I have said.

Trusting to see no more such outrages upon decency, I will welcome the weekly coming of LIFE; otherwise I will ask that you stop the paper. You may keep the subscription for this year, since if you persist in such a course you will need that, and many times as much, to maintain you.

I am, very respectfully,

A. B. FARQUHAR.

YORK, PA., DECEMBER 23, 1904.

Our correspondent's letter fills us with a deep concern; not so much for ourselves and our other subscribers, as

for the writer. The comprehension of many things in LIFE demands a sense of humor. Without that sense of humor innumerable jokes and pictures will appear unjust and pointless.

In interpreting the drawing in question as a slur upon the President and upon the whole colored race, our correspondent displays considerable ingenuity; and we are not sure that he is wise in continuing his subscription to LIFE, with its temptations to further bitterness of spirit.

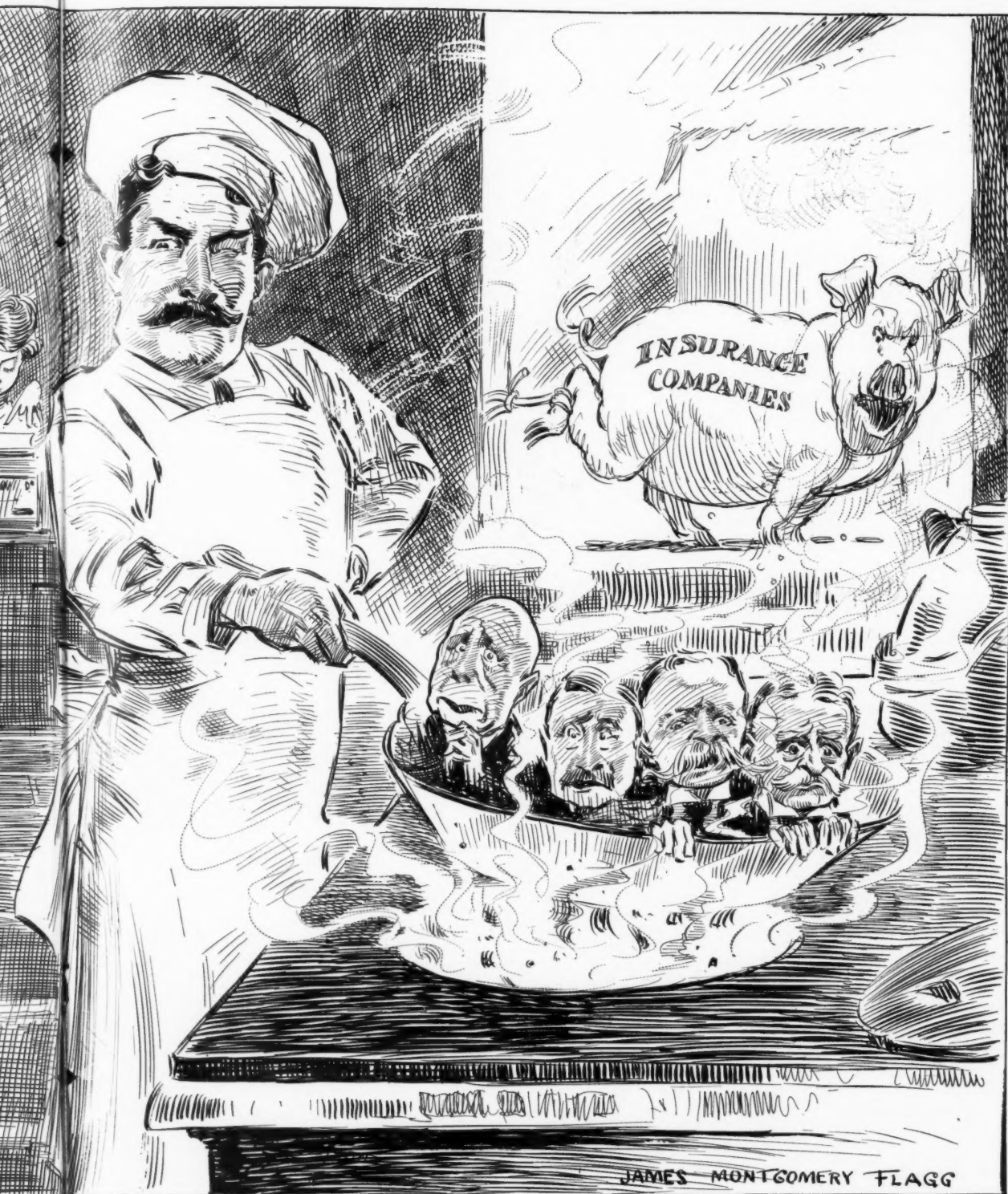
CUSTOMER: Look here, can't you paint up the bottom of my auto and make it look more presentable?

AGENT: What for?

"Well, that's what I have to gaze at most of the time."



LIFE.



THE FRIED FINANCIERS.



William and Clyde.



"THE WINTER'S TALE" is certainly not among the greatest of Shakespeare's plays. The turgidity of its speeches is in inverse ratio to the crystallized thoughts which make some of his plays so rich a quotation. In its depiction of the workings of the jealous mind it is distinctly inferior to "Othello"; its comedy scenes are the least abounding in wit or in the humor of low life with which Shakespeare made his appeal to the untutored mind of his time, and his dramatic rendering of a story is here seen at its worst. It is not strange that "The Winter's Tale" is not more frequently chosen for representation.

Miss Viola Allen has given the play a lavish presentation in the way of scenery and costume, some of the many changes of scene required being very elaborate examples of the theatrical painter's and builder's art. Unfortunately her lavishness stops here, and her company is far from reflecting or enhancing the brilliancy of their surroundings. Mr. Henry Jewett, who impersonates the Sicilian king, *Leontes*, is a fine figure of a man, with a heavy voice, which is so little flexible that the lines, at best difficult to read, lose most of their meaning. Mr. Boyd Putnam, as *Polixenes*, the Bohemian king, is also good to look upon, but he, too, in less degree, fails to get all there is in his speeches. Mr. Vernon's *Camillo* was hardly to be understood at all. The others of the support were negligible quantities as interpreters of parts not easy in any hands. In her double character of mother and daughter, Miss Allen certainly made a sufficient difference in distinguishing between the varied ages and environments of *Hermione*, the queen, and *Perdita*, the shepherd's foundling. Perhaps the distinction was a trifle too pronounced—the *Hermione* in too heavy a tone, and the *Perdita* too energetic in her girlishness. From the tones of both she might, with good advantage, have largely omitted a certain plaintive whining cadence, the over-use of which has come to be almost second nature with her. Her rendering of the two characters was not imposing, but it was also not bad.

Miss Allen is at least to be thanked for having given New York a chance to witness in presentable form one of the least known, and perhaps deservedly so, of Shakespeare's plays.



The Actor: LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU'D LEND ME FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE, AND TAKE IT OUT OF MY FIRST WEEK'S SALARY.

The Manager: BUT, MY DEAR FELLOW, JUST SUPPOSING, FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, THAT I COULDN'T PAY YOU YOUR FIRST WEEK'S SALARY—WHERE WOULD I BE?

MR. CLYDE FITCH'S career as a dramatist seems likely to be killed by that fell disease, *cacoethes scribendi*. His best friends and advisers would fain restrain him, but he seems to think it better to write many plays than to write good plays. Large families are more often to be encountered than children who reflect credit on their progenitors, and while the large family side of the question may appeal to national heroes of warlike tendencies, like Napoleon and President Roosevelt, it must be confessed that to persons of discrimination, quality, rather than quantity, counts both in children and plays. For instance, "Cousin Billy," Mr. Fitch's latest dramatic offspring, should have been kept in the incubator for a very

much longer period. It might have come into the world far better equipped to earn royalties for its author, restore fame to its star, and please a public which is growing a trifle more exacting after its many recent disappointments in the way of much-heralded plays. The piece is not an ambitious effort, but even so, the very lightest of comedy and most elementary of farce cannot be tossed off over night, or at the rate of one a month, or three or four a year. In the present case he has some types which, polished and rounded off, and some situations which, made logical and threaded on a plot of any consistency, might have made an agreeable and laughable entertainment. As it is, they seem to have no reason for being or doing, even in the lighter



TRILBY IN THE POWER OF SVENGALI.

spots of stageland, where we are not looking so much to be convinced as we are to being simply diverted.

"Cousin Billy" is intended to introduce Mr. Francis Wilson, of comic opera fame, as a speaking comedian. The part is an illy-defined one, and, while Mr. Wilson works strenuously and conscientiously to make *Mr. William Jenks* appear a humorous or broad drawing of something that might possibly exist, the task is too much for him, as it would be for the best of comedians. To Mr. Edward Abeles the author has given the part of a comedy villain, who gains the sympathy of the audience because he so thoroughly over-acts Mr. William Lewers impersonating in a weak way a young man, who is the rival of Mr. Abeles's bad youth in the affections of the hero's pretty first-cousin-once-removed. Zelda Sears gave a vigorous impersonation of a favorite type of Mr. Fitch's, the uncouth American woman traveling in Europe. May Robson gave the advantage of her personality to a hazily drawn character with whom the hero is in love.

It cannot truthfully be said that either Mr. Fitch or Mr. Francis Wilson have advanced themselves greatly by their united efforts in "Cousin Billy," although there is no question that the actor does quite as much hard work for the piece as the author has.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

There is a concomitant of the control of affairs theatrical by the kind of Israelite which Shakespeare's appellation of Ebrew-Jew exactly fits, that, so far as I have seen, you have never denounced in your most

righteous condemnation of the present degenerate dramatic situation, and yet to my mind it constitutes the "unkindest cut of all." I refer to the insinuation into parts that are undeniably Gentile of actors and actresses who, by reason of their visages, voices, gestures and mannerisms, can suitably impersonate only such characters as are frankly Jewish, or racially neutral or unimportant. There is scarcely a play now running in New York in the cast of which these anachronisms are not excruciatingly conspicuous. In spectacular scenes, ballets, and the like, the Jewish personality may not clash, and in parts actually Jewish it is, of course, entirely acceptable; but characters which in real life could not possibly be Jews ought surely to be enacted by Gentile artists. To put Jewish players, however talented, into characters and surroundings which of necessity are essentially Gentile is an insult to the intelligence of theatregoers. Anyway, that is how I feel about it, and my interest in and patronage of "the play" has in consequence waned to almost zero.

"One Who Pays."

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1904.

Every one who goes to the theatre must have noticed the fact of which our correspondent complains, but as things are there is no help for it.

Metcalfe.

Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

Academy of Music.—Spectacular revival of "Siberia."

Belasco.—Mrs. Carter in "Adrea."

Bijou.—David Warfield's artistic performance in "The Music Master."

Broadway.—Fritzi Scheff in "Fatinitza." A genuine comic opera. Well sung.

Casino.—Lillian Russell in "Lady Teazle." Musical version of Sheridan's comedy. Well done.

Criterion.—Francis Wilson in "Cousin Billy." See above.

Empire.—Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." Maude Adams at her best.

Garden.—"The College Widow." Good, clean fun.

Garrick.—Arnold Daly in Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."

Herald Square.—"Woodland." Musical and novel. Worth seeing.

Hudson.—Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday." Play not much, but a good part for the star.

Knickerbocker.—Viola Allen in "The Winter's Tale." See opposite.

Lew Fields's Theatre.—"It Happened in Nordland." Girls, glitter and music.

Lyceum.—Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in revival of "The Case of Rebellious Susan."

Lyric.—"Fantana."

Majestic.—Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland." Diverting extravaganza, with good music.

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna." The best play in town. Delightfully acted.

Princess.—Edward Terry in "Sweet Lavender."

Savoy.—Augustus Thomas's "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots."

Wallack's.—"The Sho-Gun." Comic opera of the common, or garden, variety.

Weber and Ziegfeld's Music Hall.—"Higgledy-Piggledy," with burlesque of "The College Widow."



"ALAS, POOR YORICK"

Suspense.

LITTLE GEORGE, aged five, had been watching his mother bottling rootbeer in the kitchen. Having filled all the bottles on hand, Mrs. H—went into the cellar for another. On her return she noticed the small boy had drank the contents of one bottle, and in reprimanding him she said: "Georgie, don't you know there was yeast in that beer?" Later she happened to look out the window, only to see little George, pale as a ghost, sitting in the yard holding on to the grass with both hands.

"Why, Georgie," she cried, "what is the matter? Why are you sitting on that wet grass?"

Looking up at her with a thoroughly frightened look, he replied: "I'm waiting to bust."



THE EVOLUTION OF THE DRAMA.

A. E. WALKER.



IT was doubtless necessary that Gwendolen Overton should sacrifice one novel to the reconciliation of capital and labor. Each generation has its own literary will-o'-the-wisp, its own alluring enigma, which the novelist is tempted to solve with his unavailing art, and just now the brightest *ignis fatuus* of them all is the labor problem. That undiscovered limbo, to which are consigned lost pins and last year's novels, is full of fictional solutions of this riddle, and *Captains of the World* will soon be of the number.

Helen of Troy, N. Y., by Wilfrid S. Jackson, is an amusing comedy of London life, in which a lord, a *freiherr* and a scapegrace engage in an adventurous rivalry for the hand of a modern Helen. There is brightness in the dialogue, wit in the descriptive commentaries, and the characters are well and lightly handled, although the story is told in a distinctly exotic style, which often suggests the verbal hothouse, and blooms with surprising but effective linguistic orchids.

In his short stories published under the title of *A Young Man in a Hurry*, Robert W. Chambers exhibits in light marching order the qualities which have underlain his more lengthy successes. The more prominent of these qualities are a quick appreciation for a situation, a delicate and genuine feeling for sentiment, and the ability to convey a maximum of vivid description with a minimum of effort. In the year's lighter literature of entertainment *A Young Man in a Hurry* deserves a place well forward.

Poetic Justice is dead and Realism reigns in its stead. Nevertheless, we are prone to demand that in some sort the policy of the old régime should be continued, that some counterbalancing strength or purpose, for instance, should legitimize the disagreeable in fiction. *The Girl and the Kaiser*, by Pauline Bradford Mackie, has all the earmarks of a sweet story for girls, except the undeniably realistic absence of the good fairies at the denouement, and the reader is apt to feel that he has been needlessly detained to witness the impaling upon a long pin of an inconsequential white butterfly.

The axioms of the philosophic primer, that there is no light where there is no eye and no sound without an ear, are nowhere more strikingly paralleled in matters literary than in books of travel and in letters from foreign parts. One must, therefore, while rendering unto Rome the things which are Rome's, give the major credit for the charming freshness and sympathy of her *Roma Beata* to Maud

Howe, whose personality is the eye and ear which transmit to us these vibrations from the Eternal City.

There is a new detective story out by Burton E. Stevenson, in which Godfrey, the reporter-sleuth, again figures. It is called *The Marathon Mystery*, and, like *The Holladay Case*, is a piece of work rather above the average of its kind, written with considerable skill in direct narration, and developing a set of characters distinctly individualized. Like *The Holladay Case*, however, its plot is poorly sustained and rather threadbare in ingenuity.

Famous Women as Described by Great Writers, edited and translated by Esther Singleton, is one of those compilations which are carried as literary life-preservers on coast-wise steamers, and gratefully picked up in exchange for the advertising pages of last week's paper in the waiting-room of the wayside garage. Incidentally the volume excites our curiosity as to why so many famous women were infamous.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Captains of the World. By Gwendolen Overton. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Helen of Troy, N. Y. By Wilfrid S. Jackson. (John Lane. \$1.50.)

A Young Man in a Hurry. By Robert W. Chambers. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Girl and the Kaiser. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Roma Beata, Letters from the Eternal City. By Maud Howe. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$2.50.)

The Marathon Mystery. By Burton E. Stevenson. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

Famous Women as Described by Great Writers. Edited by Esther Singleton. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.60.)

Disgraceful.

The English correspondents express themselves as being horrified by the carnage at 203 Metre Hill.—*News from the front.*

THIS is rubbing it in. To have the dandiest bit of butchery in all the annals of history pulled off by a nation of Slavs on the one hand, and a nation of Mongolians

on the other, was surely disgrace enough, without Anglo-Saxon newspaper men getting cold feet and turning their faces away.

Of course war is efficacious precisely according as it is horrible.

We spend hundreds of millions every year to provide ourselves with the most efficient engines of destruction. What shall they avail if our nerve fail in the pinch? What is the big stick but the merest lumber, in the hands of one who is afraid of hurting somebody with it?

IT is reported that "The Simple Life" is being sold in Philadelphia under the title of "The Pace That Kills."

Filial Piety.

MOTHER: Do you like my new gown, Millicent?

MILLICENT (aged five, with conviction): If there is a Lady-God, you look just like her in those clothes.



First Highwayman: SAY, CHIMMIE, IS DEY ANY DANGER IN BEIN' OUT LATE AT NIGHT LIKE DIS?

Second Highwayman: NAW! O' COURSE DEY AIN'T! WHY, we IS D' REAL DANGERS!



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"YOU MIGHT ASK YOUR MISTRESS IF SHE IS AT HOME."
"IT'S NO USE, SIR. SHE SAW YOU COMING."



PROBLEM OF THE HOME.

Hello! We want a servant girl.
You've got no servants—what?
What's that? Oh, yes, I understand.
Beg pardon. I forgot.
An employé will suit as well;
Yes, black or white will do;
We're looking for a hired girl,
No matter what her hue.

What's that? A green one? Well, how much
Does she expect to get?
What? Four per week, with room and board?
Well, please don't send her yet.
The last one that we had was green;
We only paid her two;
And what she did was small compared
With what she couldn't do.

Our house is not a training school,
With pay to any girl
That comes along—Speak louder. What?
You say you've got a pearl.
Who only wants three afternoons,
Two nights, and has a beau,
And who won't work upstairs if she has
To do the work below?

Well, what's the price of pearls to-day?
What? Six per week? How nice!
I didn't think that one could get
A pearl at such a price.
However, if she—what? Oh, yes,
We always go away
In summer time, and let the help
Keep right on drawing pay.

What's that? She doesn't like the street
We live in? Well, we'll move;
We never wish to do a thing
Our help does not approve.

Pray, ask her in what neighborhood
She'd rather live—what's that?
No matter what the neighborhood,
She won't live in a flat!

You've got another? What's she like?
What's that? She's not a pearl?
Well, send her up, if she is like
An old-time hired girl.
She isn't? Why? They're out of style?
Just wait a minute—I—
Well, send her up. Perhaps we'll suit;
At least, I know we'll try.

—Leslie's Magazine.



Toucan: THEY MAY MAKE FUN OF MY LARGE BILL, BUT I TELL YOU IT COMES IN VERY USEFUL AS A PAPER-CUTTER NOW AND THEN.

DIDN'T WANT A LAWYER.

"I began to practice law in Dakota in Territorial days," said the lawyer from Chicago. "Our judges were sent to us, and some of them didn't know any more about law than they did about the political beliefs of the mound builders. One of them—I'll call him Jones—was so appallingly ignorant that it was a great relief when, on the admission of North Dakota to the Union, he left the bench and began to practice

law. His successor was a man wholly without a sense of humor, and the only good thing he ever said in his life was wholly accidental. A man was brought to trial charged with selling liquor to the Indians. The judge asked him if he had a lawyer to defend him.

"No," said the man; "I don't want a lawyer."
"Well," said his honor, looking about the rooms till his eyes rested on his predecessor, "I'll appoint Judge Jones to defend him."—*Washington Post*.

A QUESTION OF SCIENCE.

The Rev. Silas C. Swallow said the other day:
"I remember, when I was a student at Wyoming Seminary, a farmer came to Kingston to visit his nephew, whom he was educating.

"The farmer had no urban polish. His tea, when it was brought, was very hot, and he poured it in his saucer, to his nephew's great mortification.

"Finally, unable to restrain himself, the nephew was so rude as to say:

"Uncle, why do you pour your tea in the saucer?"

"The old farmer looked up in surprise. Then he said, in a loud, hearty voice:

"To cool it, to be sure. The more air surface you give it the quicker it cools. These here modern seminaries don't teach much science, do they?"—*New York Tribune*.

"I HAVE here," said the amateur inventor, as he extracted a small model from his grip, "a device that will warn the engineer of a train when any one is crossing the track."

"No good," rejoined the railway manager. "It's the party crossing the track that requires the warning."—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE *Philadelphia Ledger* tells of two women of that town who had been on a tour of the country, and were discussing their expenses. "One hears strange stories about Chicago," said one, "but I never believed half of them until I went there a while ago on a visit. Will you believe, my dear, that I went to dinner where there was a little silver trumpet beside each soup plate?"

"What were they for?" inquired the other.
"I didn't know at first, but I found out later that they were called 'soup coolers,' and were used for blowing the soup!" said the traveled one.—*New York Tribune*.

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The inventor of a new feeding bottle for infants sent out the following among his directions for using: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under the hydrant. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."—*Collier's Weekly*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

MAMMA: Fighting again, Willie? Didn't I tell you to stop and count one hundred whenever you were angry?

WILLIE: But it didn't do any good, ma. Look what the Jones boy did while I counted!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

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ARCHIE: Yes; she said that when one got better acquainted with you one found you were not half as big a fool as you appeared to be.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"HAVE you read Alfred Austin's last poem?"

"No such luck."—*Cleveland Leader*.

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BARNSTORMER: Well, rather! I'm living on one meal a day and playing the rôle of a man with the gout!—*Detroit Free Press*.

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"BRAINLEIGH tells me he is writing a popular novel."

"Yes; his doctors insisted on his resting his mind for a while!"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

CHURCH: I see the attorney-general is going to stop all this guessing business in the newspapers.

GOHAM: Whom do you suppose that's aimed at? The weather bureau?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AN INSPIRATION.

SHE: Tell me quick, darling, did you have any trouble in securing papa's consent?

HE: Did I! Why, he was just about to throw me out of the office, but fortunately a grand thought came to me.

"What did you do?"

"I insisted upon his smoking a Fonseca cigar, which put him in such good humor that he said yes at once."

"O YES, I know him very well, but he doesn't know me."

"Why, I thought he was a relative of yours."

"So he is, but he's a rich one."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)

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